Conceptions as to What Perhaps May Be

With women, as with flowers
Bright pollen bursts from within
Carried by the wind before the tower
That dare cast shadows on our sins.

The secret splendour of a dream
avant tout le monde, garde
ton Coeur! Fear not what somehow seems
take the very easy, not the very hard.

Can our will sit at boundary's reason
Set it not down at life's centre
The wind it changes with each season
Your fragile heart so too will render

What thoughts precede our actions, let's see
Is it joy and happiness we sought
Conceptions as to what perhaps may be
The price we've paid for what we've bought

Set on! Otherwise unhappiness will be your lot
And vulgarity life's certain fixity
The nonsense, reason and myth all got
From Heraclitoris' self-righteous deity.

Par chance, je suis malheureux, et ce n'est
pas votre, ni ma faute, ni celle de la vie.
In seconds, minutes, hours and days
what awaits my lot, we all shall see.